MERRIMACK MAGAZINE
AND
LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

"REPLETE WITH EV'RY CHARM T' IMPROVE THE HEART,
"TO SOOTHE LIFE'S SORROWS, AND ITS JOYS IMPART."

No. 13.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1805. [Vol. I.

Miscellaneous Selections.

ANECDOTES OF THE PHILANTHROPIC HOWARD.

FROM "PRATT'S GLEANINGS."

HOWARD had many singularities, but very few affectations. It was singular for mere mortal man to go about doing good for the sake of doing it; to devote his fortune and his life to explore the most neglected and the most forlorn of the wretched, and to relieve them according to their several necessities—to begin the work of benevolence, where other people's bounty commonly ends it, in a prison; all this, I say, was very singular, but wholly pure of affectation. Further, it was singular—deserving that word, indeed, inasmuch as in human history it is without a parallel—to put himself to the greatest personal inconveniencies, and to encounter the greatest dangers, often of life itself, to accomplish the proposed ends of his philanthropy.

He was singular in many of the common habits of life: for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes, to dry ones; and, both rising and going to bed, washed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries; nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as depended on himself, for six-and-twenty years. He never continued at a place or with a person a day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh or fowl; nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk and rusks all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day: and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride; and where that was hazardous, he would walk, such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

With respect to Mr. Howard's personal singularities above described, tho' they were certainly hazardous experiments in the first instance, it was not useless for a man who had pre-resolved to set his face against wind and weather, and, after passing all sorts of unhealthy climes, to descend into the realms of disease and death, to make them.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the hour, and exactly as the clock in my room struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep just landed from his washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry clothes.

"Yes," said he, smiling, "I had my fears as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water; which, though it does not run from off my back as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me as little injury; and, after a long drought, is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on, has been as often wetted through, as any duck's in the world, and, indeed, gets no other cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broadcloth in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships, with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms & hurricanes, necessity & nakedness, are a thousand times, (so forcible is habit,) less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of ease and luxury; who accustomed to all the enfeebled refinements of feathers by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel, like the puny creature ltigmatized by Pope, "who shiver'd at a breeze." All this is the work of art, my good friend: nature is more independent of external circumstances: nature is intrepid, hardy and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her with indulgencies, from the moment we come into the world: a soft dress and a soft cradle begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk; we must tread upon carpets; breathe, as it were, in fire; avoid a tempest which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrifies it; and, guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it was the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint-stones."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOVELS AND ROMANCES.

ADDRESSED TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

It has been proposed as a question, whether the reading of romances and novels *only*, (to the exclusion of all *other* books) or whether no reading of any kind whatever would be productive of the worst consequences. I have considered this question over and over again, and maturely weighed every pro and con that occurred to me on the subject. It is urged by the "anti-novelists" that romances and novels only tend to estrange the minds of youth (especially females) from their own affairs, and transmit them to those of which they read: so that, while totally absorbed, in lamenting and condoling with the melancholy situation of a Julia, an Emily, or a Matilda, or lost in admiration of the glorious deeds of some *all perfect* novel-hero, they neglect both their own interest, and the several duties which they owe to parent, friend, or brother. That such is but too often the case, I am sorry to be obliged to confess. Yet though a great part of our modern novels are flimsy productions, without either good writing or good sense, others mere catchpenny trash, and some immoral and even impious; though the press teems with "Midnight Bells," "Black Castles," 'Haunted Towers,' 'Mysterious Monks,' &c. &c. with a long train of ghosts, phan-

toms, &c. yet I am inclined to think that many excellent precepts and morals are inculcated in far the greater part of them; and that the reſt are to be cenſured rather as being *abſurd*, *improbable* and *ill-written*, than tending to corrupt the mind. (I except ſome few, ſuch as the "Monk", by Mr. Lewis, which is not only immoral, but blaſphemous, cum paucis aliis.) For example, thoſe written by the ingenious and amiable Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, and Dr. Moore's 'Edward,' 'Zeluco,' &c. which are not only commendable, but thank-worthy; poſſeſs, in my opinion, the powers of pleaſing and inſtructing at the ſame time: a rare coalition! The latter particularly, paints life in accurate colors, and from the various actions and opinions of the characters, deduces morals the moſt wholeſome and unexceptionable. I might mention ſeveral others of hardly inferior merits, but let theſe ſuffice. Such productions as theſe are doubly excellent; becauſe, while they inculcate the beſt morals, they give the readers an accurate knowledge of life and manners; of which it is highly proper young people ſhould have a correct idea. For a young unſophiſticated perſon juſt entering upon life, imbibes with eagerneſs whatever principles he firſt becomes acquainted with; and if theſe ſhould happen to have a bad tendency, what would become of him, if his mind had not been guarded againſt them, by ſome previous inſight into the ſophiſtry and fallacy of the world, which are duly expoſed in the works before-mentioned? But if we conſider the other ſide of the queſtion, and ſuppoſe a perſon, who, having never looked into a book, conſequently can have no taſte for reading, what a plodding, inſenſible, and worldly-minded mortal do we behold! Such a perſon may, poſſibly, make his way through the world with tolerable ſucceſs, but can never have any pretenſions to the character of a *gentleman*. He may meet with the applauſe of thoſe of his own ſtamp; but by the ſenſible and diſcerning, his education will be conſidered as an everlaſting monument of his own and his parents folly.

THE POWERS OF THE EYE EXPRESSIVE OF THE PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

I HAVE always conſidered the Eye, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, as the Monarch Feature. It is equally commanding and characteriſtic, and is to the face what the ſun is to the world—the very life, ſoul, and beauty of the whole. The language is frequently more intelligible than that of the tongue, and the meaning of the mind is often thereby more ſtrongly and plainly marked. How does it develope the whole character! How important, ſays an eloquent modern, is this feature to the human form! the chief index of temper, underſtanding, health, and love!—Indeed, nothing to me ſo ſoon diſplays the propenſities of the heart. Its powers, I think, are chiefly theſe:

The Glare—the Stare—the Leer—the Sneer—the Encouragement—the Defiance—the Denial—the Conſent—the Glance of Love—the Flaſh of Rage—the ſparkling of Hope—the languiſhment of Softneſs—the flames of Deſire—the ſquint of Suſpicion—the fire of Jealouſy—and, the luſtre of Enjoyment.

Each of theſe deſerve a ſhort comment and exemplification.

Lucius one day met accidentally his old enemy Marcus, who had ſeveral years ago offended him. A little while before he ſaw him, he was gathering flowers in the garden of a friend, with as calm, placid a ſet of features as could poſſibly be; his looks were indeed ſuited to the innocence of his amuſement. But the moment he beheld Marcus, the foul ſhot up into his eye, and in the terrific *Glare* of diſdain he betokened his averſion. Thus the eye ſtruck the firſt blow and announced war before the ſword could be drawn.

The *Stare* denotes ignorance, wonder, and admiration, and ſometimes *polite forgetfulneſs*; as if Mr. A. ſhould meet Mrs. K. after a change of circumſtances, and looking her full in the face, not be *able* or *willing*, which ever the reader pleaſes, to recollect ſuch a face on earth.

The *Sneer* denotes contemptuous ſenſations, and is that ſevere ſarcaſm of the eye which diſcovers, generally in ſilence, the ineffable ſcorn of the ſoul. Verus and Catullus were friends; the former had benefitted the latter by a ſingular ſtroke of hoſpitality, which he abuſed. The connection was broken; but Verus afterwards ſaw Catullus in a mixed company. Catullus turned anxiouſly pale, and was proceeding to ſervile compliments: Verus heard them without reply, and *ſneering* at the wretch in the ſuperiority of his heart, left the room without condeſcending to ſpeak a ſyllable.

The *Encouragement* belongs chiefly to the ladies, and is diſtinguiſhed by proper degrees of invitation: the *come, for you may*—the *do what you will*—and the *do, if you dare*. The firſt gradation always gives the face a gentle allurement; the ſecond is attended with ſome charming bluſhes; and the third darts a glory and triumphant lightning from between the eye-laſhes, which fires while it defies. But this climax demands further illuſtration. When Strephon ſays, in the language of the eye, "Will you, Chloe, allow me to ſpeak my paſſion?"—Then replies Chloe, "Aye, come, for you may." "You muſt, you ſhall make me happy," ſays Strephon. "Lord of heaven!" cries Chloe, "you are ſo teazing—but, do what you will." "I could kill you, Chloe, with kiſſes," ſays Strephon. "Do, if you dare," ſays Chloe.

The *Defence* belongs to the haughty character, and is marked by a quick ambitious ſort of ſparkle, terminating very often in the gloomy glance of *Denial*.

The *Conſent* is one of the loveliеſt ornaments of the face, and in either ſex illumines the eyes with the moſt benevolent radiance; it is conſtantly attended by ſmiles, and often ſhews a dimple to the greateſt advantage. Never, oh, ye fair daughters of America! never want this delightful aſſiſter of your beauty, ſince it is not only neceſſary to charity, ſoftneſs, and humanity, but to Love itſelf.

The *glance of Love* is diſcovered in a moment, and needs no comment,

The *flaſh of Rage*, and the *ſparkle of Hope*, are ſtrongly contraſted; the one denoting the madneſs, the other the health of the heart: this driving the blood impetuouſly into the face, and urging it even to the balls of the eye: and that gently ſtirring it through the veſſels, in the pleaſing bluſhes and exerciſe of health.

Suſpicion, *Deſire*, and *Jealouſy*, are all of them allied, and enfuriate the eye whenever they enfever the mind; while the *luſtre of Poſſeſſion* is marked by ſuch touching ſymptoms, as exhibit all the incorporate tranſports of ſoul and body. In a word, the human eye is a very faithful index. It is the ſovereign feature, and regulates, deforms, or diſorders the reſt.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE greateſt misfortunes that attend women, ariſe from falſe delicacy. If on every emergency the daughter was to look up to the father, the ſiſter to the brother, or the niece to the uncle, they would in general experience not only proper advice, but if neceſſary, certain protection. In love affairs particularly, the female ſhould if poſſible make a confidante of her neareſt male relative. It is a paſſion of which no woman need be aſhamed. Nature has planted it in the heart, and without it, beauty would have no influence, nor virtue any criterion to prove her value.

Leonora had a brother to whom ſhe was dear as life; ſhe had a lover too who was his intimate friend, and for this lover ſhe entertained a ſincere paſſion.

This gentleman, whom we ſhall call Albertus, was left by his father in rather indigent circumſtances; but Lorenzo, the brother of Leonora, who had formed an attachment to him at ſchool, by purchaſe, though he pretended it was by intereſt, procured him a civil employment, ſufficiently competent to ſupport a gentleman.

Albertus ſpent all his leiſure hours at the houſe of his friend, and the amiable virtues of Leonora, which animated a beautiful face, ſoon ſubdued his heart by their powerful influence.

Gratitude combated ſtrongly with paſſion. The obligations he owed Lorenzo, made him reſolve for ever to quit the preſence of Leonora, yet he could not prevail on himſelf to depart without communicating the cauſe.

This was a trial which required the utmoſt exertions of fortitude; but accident ſoon produced an opportunity.

Albertus ſitting one morning in a parlour with Leonora, ſhe received a letter from her brother, which as ſhe peruſed, her hands trembled, her face flushed, and at laſt, overpowered by ſenſibility, ſhe fainted, and fell proſtrate upon a couch on which ſhe ſat.

Albertus flew to her aſſiſtance—he raiſed her in his arms, and that inſtant a female ſervant entered the room, and drawing a criminal concluſion from the ſituation in which ſhe ſaw the lovers, immediately retired, unperceived.

Leonora on recovering was overwhelmed with confuſion, nor was Albertus in a leſs pitiable ſituation. His ſolicitude, the tenderneſs of his manner, his joy at her recovery, and a kiſs, which he involuntarily preſſed upon one hand, while with the other ſhe adjuſted her handkerchief, that opened as ſhe fell, convinced her of what ſhe wiſhed to know, of what Albertus feared to diſcloſe, that ſhe was the object of his love.

Having in ſome degree recovered her ſerenity, ſhe reſolved to put the heart of Albertus to further proof. She was not ſuch a novice in the knowledge of human nature, as to be ignorant of the effect of beauty, and the agitation of Albertus might have been the conſequence of ſenſual paſſion. She therefore put the letter in his hand—he read, he ſighed—he looked on her, and wept.

"I am convinced, ſaid Leonora to herſelf, he loves me—You muſt meet me, ſaid ſhe, addreſſing Albertus, in a couple of hours in the garden, for I am reſolved to be guided by your advice in this buſineſs"—and ſhe left him abruptly.

This letter was from the brother of Leonora. It informed her that a perſon of very great fortune had propoſed a tender of his heart.

Albertus took his resolution, which was not to impede the elevation of Leonora. "My advice to her" said he, with a sigh, "must be to accept the happiness offered her;" and the hour of appointment having come, he went into the garden.

Lorenzo soon after arrived, and was met in the hall by the female who peeped in at the parlour door. He enquired for his sister, and was informed she was in the garden, and would have immediately gone to her, but madam Jane stopped him. With this Jane, Lorenzo had carried on an illicit connection; she was of a malign mind, and represented what she had seen in colours the most aggravating, but cunningly softened the guilt imputed by her information, with an assurance that she believed the parties were married.

Lorenzo sought the lovers, and soon arrived at the place of assignation, with his sword drawn—he overheard all that passed, and every sentence convinced him that Jane was a liar.

The disinterested love of Albertus founded in gratitude and friendship—the virtuous sensibility of his sister overpowered him—he burst from his covert, and Albertus seeing the sword exclaimed, strike here, and free me from torture.

No, Albertus, answered Lorenzo, I come to render happy the best of friends, and most amiable of sisters—and taking Leonora's hand, he conducted it, she nothing loth, to the hand of Albertus.

Monitorial.

POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

HOW irresistible is the power of conscience! It is a viper, which twines itself round the heart, and cannot be shook off. It lays fast hold of us; it lies down with us, and stings us in our sleep; it rises with us, and preys upon our vitals.—Hence ancient moralists compared an evil conscience to a vulture, feeding upon our liver, and the pangs that are felt by the one to the throes of the other; supposing, at the same time, the vulture's hunger to be insatiable, and this entrail to be most exquisitely sensible of pain, and to grow as fast as it is devoured. What can be a stronger representation of the most lingering, most acute corporeal pains? Yet, strong as it is, it falls greatly short of the anguish of a guilty conscience. Imagination, when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

What must have been the state of the mind of Bessus, a native of Pelonia, in Greece, when he disclosed the following authenticated fact?

His neighbours seeing him one day extremely earnest in pulling down some birds' nests, and passionately destroying their young, could not help taking notice of it, and upbraided him with his ill-nature and cruelty to poor creatures, that, by nestling so near him, seemed to court his protection and hospitality; he replied, that their voice was to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him with the murder of his father.

This execrable villainy had been concealed many years, and never been suspected. In all probability it never would have come to light, had not the avenging fury of conscience drawn, by these extraordinary means, a public acknowledgment of it from the parricide's own mouth.

Bessus is not the only person who has stood self-convicted. Though the discovery has not been distinguished by such a circumstance, many have made a voluntary confession, and sought for a refuge from the torments of conscience in death. What a lesson for all men to keep a conscience void of offence.

ON MISPENT TIME.

MILTON has the following remaks upon mispent time:—"Hours have wings, and fly up to the Author of Time, and carry news of our usage. All our prayers cannot intreat one of them either to return or slacken his pace: The mispence of every minute is a new record against us in Heaven. Sure, if we thought thus, we would dismiss them with better report, and not suffer them to go away empty, or laden with dangerous intelligence! How happy is it, that every hour should convey up, not only the message, but the fruits of good, and stay with the Antient of Days, to speak for us before his glorious throne."

NEWBURYPORT,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1805.

"*Various*, that the mind—studious of change
"And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd."

TO THE PUBLIC.

As the present number of the Merrimack Magazine and Ladies' Literary Cabinet *completes one quarter of a volume, or year, since the commencement of the publication, the Editors beg leave to observe, that the degree of patronage received is not equal to that anticipated, nor adequate to the expences incurred, although a considerable number of names have been added to our list of subscribers, since the publication commenced.*

To defray a part of our expences, it was proposed that one column of the Magazine should be appropriated to advertisements of Fancy Articles and New Literary Publications; of these we have had but few.

We are determined, however, to continue the undertaking, in the hope of still increasing patronage, and solicit all *those who are disposed to encourage it to enter their names on our subscription list, without further delay. While it continues, our endeavour shall be to render it as useful and entertaining as possible.*

Our little 'bark
'Perchance has rush'd into a boisterous sea
'That soon shall overwhelm her; yet we fear
'No storms the furious elements can rouse,
'And if we fail, shall deem it noble still
'To founder in a brave attempt.'

Future Subscribers may be supplied with numbers complete for the first quarter.

Subscribers, who have not paid the advance for the first half year, will recollect—"payable half-yearly in advance.'

☞ Literary aid will be received with acknowledgments of gratitude.

BRADFORD ACADEMY.

THE Annual Exhibition at *Bradford Academy*, took place on Wednesday, the 30th ult.—The performances of the young gentlemen were judiciously chosen, and spoken with such spirit and grace as reflected much credit on their instructor and themselves. The various pieces of needle-work, embroidery, painting, &c. exhibited by the young ladies, were complete, evincing their progress, and the taste and accomplishments of their preceptress.——We congratulate those parents who wish to bestow on their children the invaluable privilege of a good education, that this youthful seminary promises so fair an opportunity for such an attainment.——The Academy is situated in a fine healthy spot, in a rich and luxuriant part of the country, and its more immediate interests are intrusted to men of learning, piety, and liberality. [*Newburyport Herald.*

HEROIC ACTION.

Mrs. Munger, of Druffin's-creek, in the township of Pitcairn, 23 miles from York, hearing her neighbor, Mrs. Woodruff, hollow out for help, immediately took down her husband's gun and ran to her assistance. When she arrived she was informed that a very large bear had taken off a sow into the bush; his route being shown her, this heroine immediately pursued, and found the destroyer in the act of devouring the sow, upon which she rested her gun on a stump and shot Bruin through the head; on weighing the bear, it proved the largest that had been killed in that township. [*Albany pap.*

SNOW STORM.

The Albany Gazette mentions, that on the 22d ult. snow fell in Schoraric county, at least 8 inches deep.

To Readers and Correspondents.

'HORATIO's *Last Epistle*'—an address to Critics—was received too late for insertion this week; it shall appear in our next number.—*Look ye sharp!*

LYSANDER is thanked for the favor of 'Elegiac Lines.' He has our earnest wish that he may find consolation, under his present bereavement, in an intimacy with the Muses.

Ordination.

'Behold, I bring you glad tidings!'

ORDAINED]—At Gloucester, on Wednesday, the 30th ult. the Rev. David Jewett, to the pastoral charge of the 5th church and congregation in that place.

On the 24th ult. Rev. David Southerland, to the pastoral care of the Congregational Church in Bath, N.H.

On the 30th ult. Rev. Abner Kneeland, to the pastoral care of the Church and Society in Langdon, N. H.

Hymeneal.

'Delightful state! to whom alone is given,
'On earth, to antedate the joys of heaven.'

MARRIED]—In Danvers, Rev. William Balch, of Salisbury, to Miss Mary Wadsworth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Mr. W. of the former place.

In Portland, Mr. Henry Ilsley, to Miss Betsey M'Lellan.—Horatio Southgate, Esq. to Miss Nabby M'Lellan.—Mr. Michael Hayes, to Miss Comfort Gage.

In North-Yarmouth, Dr. John Stockbridge, of Bath, to Miss Theodosia Gilman, daughter of the Rev. Tristram Gilman, of the former place.

In Leicester, Mr. Thomas Edmands, jr. of Charlestown, to Miss Roxany Sprague, of the former place.

In Groton, (N.H.) Mr. David Stickney, aged 73, to the widow Rachel Putnam, aged 72.

In Portsmouth, Mr. John Carlton, to Mrs. Abigail Mott, both of Newcastle.—Mr. Nathaniel Hartshorn, to Miss Hannah Fuller.

In this town, on Thursday evening, Mr. Benjamin Greenleaf Boardman, to Miss Susan White.

Obituary.

'Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar,
'Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore!'

DIED]—In Amherst, (N.H.) on Saturday morning last, Miss *Jane Means*, daughter of Robert Means, Esq. in the 17th year of her age.

The Amherst Cabinet has the following tribute to her memory.

There are few dispensations that have excited more regret than the death of this young lady. With a heart as amiable and virtuous, a mind pure and refined, as her person was lovely and beautiful; it can hardly be necessary to say that she was deservedly dear to a large circle of friends and acquaintance.—While possessing those virtues, and combining those attractions that adorn and give honor to the female character, she was cut off by that cruel and remorseless disorder, that, baffling the skill of the skilful, and progressing upon its victims with sure and fatal steps, too often *consigns some of the fairest part of Creation to an early grave.*

"For, fell Consumption, thy unerring dart
Wets its broad wing in youth's reluctant heart."

Though called away in the morning of life, a life that had passed serenely as the tranquil stream, her probationary term was complete, and she was found ripe for the society of angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. For those who leave this world with the bright prospects which a divine religion affords of ascending to a happier one, we cannot mourn. It is those from whom such are taken that need consolation; and in this instance the condolences of friendship and esteem, and the sympathies of all who knew the deceased, and can duly estimate this mournful bereavement, will mingle with the affliction of her relatives and friends.

In Boston, Dr. Martin Howel, aged 33, proprietor of the Galvanic Machine—Mr. Jonathan Wheeler, aged 62.—Mrs. Sarah Farnam.—Mrs. Bebby Steadman.

In this town, Child of Mr. Abner Wood. Child of Edward Little, Esq. Child of Capt. Wyat St. Barbe.

On Tuesday evening after a sickness of two days, Miss Sarah Ann Brown, aged 6, daughter of Mr. Samuel Brown.

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,
(price 10 & 12½ cents,)
POPE's ESSAY ON MAN.

Poetry.

ORIGINAL.

For the LADIES' LITERARY CABINET.

ELEGIAC LINES.

YE groves, where once with fond delight,
Mira and I were pleas'd to roam,
Where, wand'ring when the moon ſhone bright,
We talk'd of happy ſcenes to come.

Ye groves adieu! adieu ye plains,
For your delights as nought I prize;
They will not, cannot, eaſe the pains,
That drown with tears my aching eyes.

Mira, the beautiful and young,
From my embrace, alas, is torn;
The laſt ſweet words on her lips hung,
Were theſe, "Lyſander do not mourn."

Ah, why, juſt heaven, couldſt thou not ſpare
My lovely Mira's life to me,
That ſhe might long have liv'd to ſhare,
The bleſſings I receive from thee.

Oh death! thou enemy of man,
Deſpoiler of the human race,
Thou haſt my deareſt Mira ſlain;
No more on earth I ſee her face.

When thou ſhalt pierce this aching heart,
I hope to meet with her again,
To ſhare that bliſs earth can't impart
In realms forever free from pain.

Byfield, Oct. 1805. LYSANDER.

SELECTED.

I WOU'D IF I COU'D.

When firſt my ſage Mother began to adviſe,
"Deareſt Nancy (ſaid ſhe) be virtuous and good,
To treacherous men ſhut your ears and your eyes."
I promis'd for certain I wou'd if I cou'd.

On the green when I danc'd, and the lads call'd me fair,
While ſighing and flatt'ring on tip-toe they ſtood,
They begg'd I'd believe that their vows were ſincere;
I told them I certainly wou'd if I cou'd.

And when my dear Jockey appear'd on the plain,
Each elderly maiden and ill-natur'd prude,
All bid me beware of the blooming young ſwain;
I ſaid, with a ſigh, that I wou'd if I cou'd.

He approach'd with delight, and call'd me ſweet maid;
Then whiſper'd with all the reſpect that he ſhou'd,
If I offer'd my hand, you'd refuſe, I'm afraid;
I, laughing, reply'd, I wou'd if I cou'd.

Thoſe ſmiles are propitious, the ſhepheard then cry'd,
Thy meaning, though humble, be ſoon underſtood,
We'll meet in the morn, and I'll make you my bride;
I promis'd, with bluſhes, I won'd if I cou'd.

We met this bleſt morning, and haſten'd away,
For my ſhepherd is honeſt, and faithful and good:
And I, ſimple I, ſaid I'd love and obey,
But certainly meant that I wou'd if I cou'd.

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. BEATTIE.

At the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet was ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove;
When nought but the torrent was heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain reclin'd,
A Hermit his nightly complaint thus began:
Though mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd;
He thought as a ſage, though he felt as a man.

"Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy ſad ſtrain?
For ſpring ſhall return and a lover beſtow,
And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain.
Yet if pity inſpires thee, O ceaſe not thy lay!
Mourn, ſweeteſt companion; man calls thee to mourn:
O ſooth him whoſe pleaſures, like thine, paſs away!
Full quickly they paſs—but they never return!

"Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
The moon half extinct, a dim creſcent diſplays;
But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in her blaze;
Roll on then, fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again;
But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew;
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!

"'Tis night and the landſcape is lovely no more:
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
Kind nature the embryo bloſſom ſhall ſave;
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn?
O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave."

FUGITIVE THOUGHTS.

THE ſhorteſt expreſſions, ſuppoſing equal perſpicuity and elegance, are beſt The rays of ſenſe, like thoſe of the ſun, acquire force by converging, and act more vigorouſly in a narrow compaſs.

A GREAT talent for converſation requires at leaſt to be accompanied with a great degree of politeneſs. He who outſhines others, owes to them a great deal of polite attention.

THOSE who diſcover the violence of their grief by ſtrong expreſſions, or great agitation, ſooner recover from affliction, than thoſe whoſe ſilent ſuffering preys upon their ſpirits.

To ſuffer in the eſtimation of thoſe we love is diſtracting to our reflections, and increaſes the wounds of the heart.

THE pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls; without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe.

Humour.

How to cut a Cheeſe in the beſt place.

DANIEL BURGESS, ſupping with a gentlewoman of his acquaintance, a large Cheſhire cheeſe being brought upon the table, he aſked her where he ſhould cut it; ſhe replied, "where you pleaſe Mr. Burgeſs." Upon which he gave it to a ſervant in waiting, bade him carry it to his houſe, and he would *cut it at home.*

A ſea captain having made ſome material blunders in his reckoning, and finding that he could not diſcover the latitude, walked the deck in great deſpondence, wringing his hands, and crying out, in a pathetic tone, '*O! if my dear wife knew where I was!*'—'*By* ——,' ſaid a ſurly tar, '*I would much rather, ſir, that* you *knew.*'

Two wits, happening to ſleep in the ſame chamber, but not in the ſame bed, one calling to his companion in the morning, ſaid, '*Who was the perſon that came into the houſe after I was a-bed, laſt evening?*' '*A Conſtable,*' replied the wag. '*Indeed! how did you get rid of him?*' '*Why, I told him you was not at home!*'

A young clergyman, whoſe garb did not deſignate who he was, and ſtill very anxious to be known, requeſted the company to gueſs at his occupation. They all happened to be on the wrong ſide. Vexed at their ſtupidity, he exclaimed, '*I am the voice of one crying in the wilderneſs.*' 'I thought, Sir,' ſays a wag, 'that you reſembled an *Owl.*'

Two gentlemen ſtanding together, a young lady paſſed by them, ſaid one, 'there goes the handſomeſt woman I ever ſaw.' She, hearing him, turned back, and ſeeing him very ugly, ſaid, 'I wiſh I could ſay as much of you.' 'So you may, madam,' ſaid he, '*and lie as I do.*'

Genteel Boarding.

MRS. GOODRICH,

RESPECTFULLY informs her friends and the public, that ſhe has taken a commodious and central ſtand, in Middle-ſtreet, three doors below Meſſrs. Parker & Dole's Cabinet-ſtore, for the accommodation of *Gentlemen Boarders*, to whom every attention will be paid. Nov. 2, 1805.

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